

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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May 15, 1946



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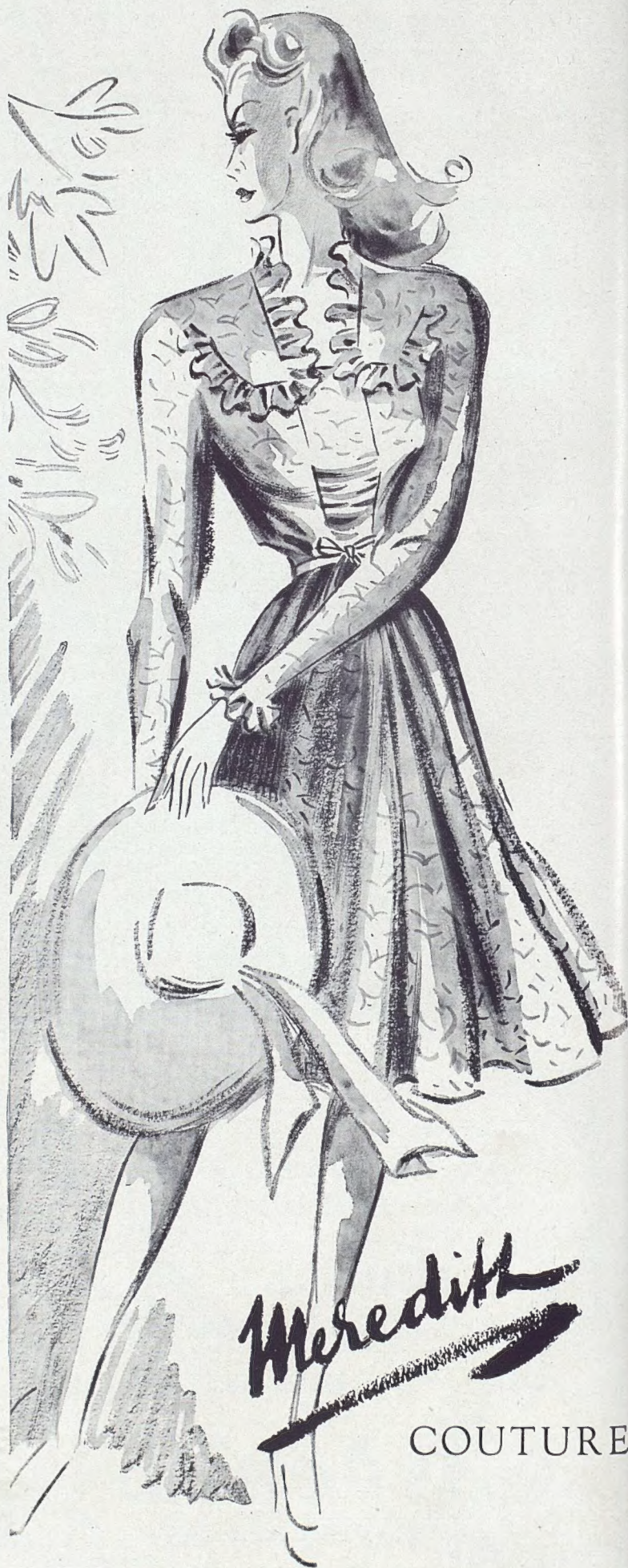
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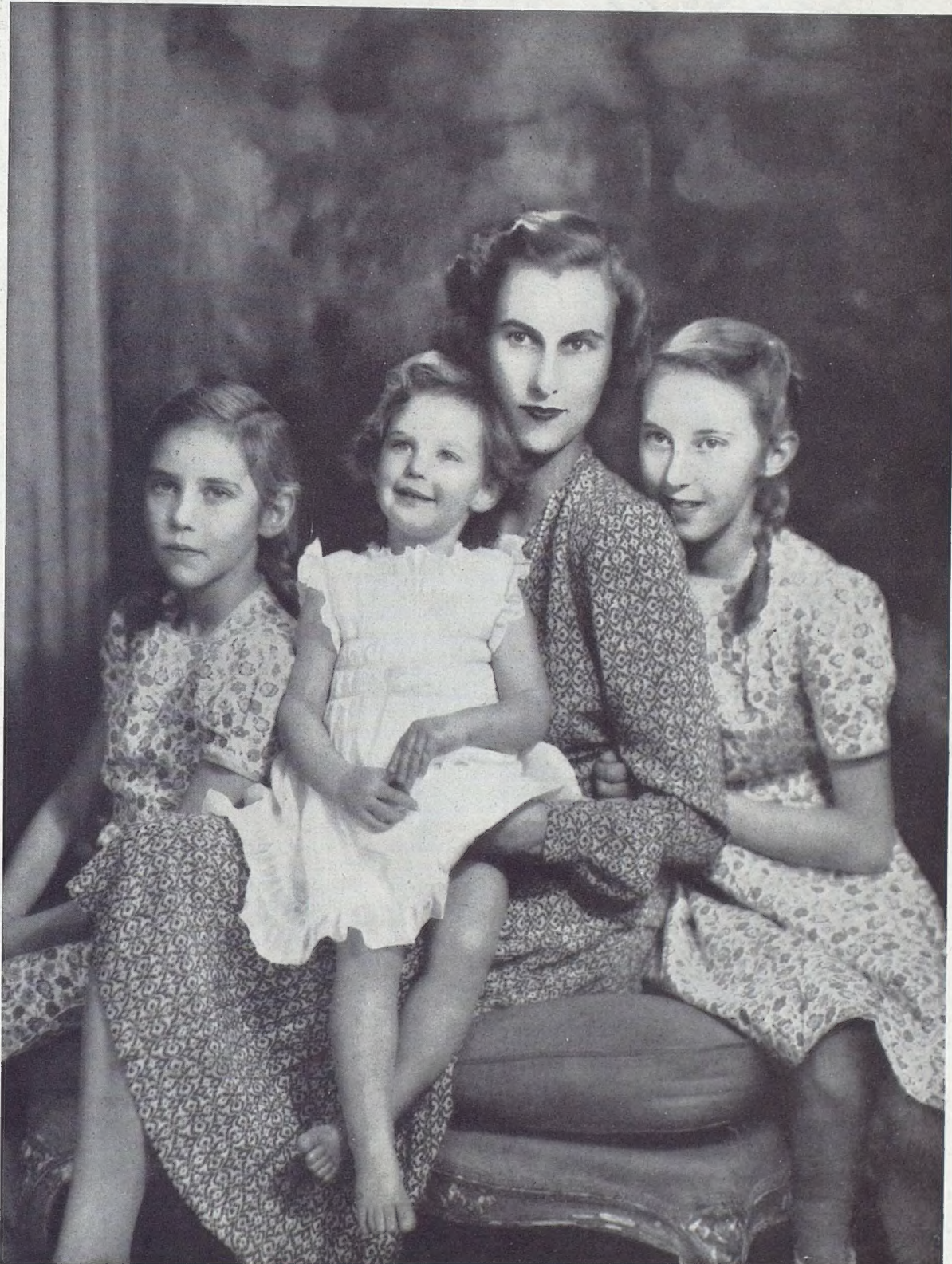
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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman and Her Daughters

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman is the wife of Viscount Bridgeman's youngest brother, whom she married in 1933. They have three daughters, Erica Jane, who was born in 1934; Teresa Anne, three years younger; and Elizabeth Caroline, born in 1944. Mrs. Bridgeman is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson. Her husband received the C.B.E. in the New Year's honours list



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Church Bells

I WOKE lazily this morning with the noise of bells pealing almost under my ear. The parish church is in the park, under the graceful shadow of the house in which I am staying—an arrangement evocative of my own shabby, dear Linsmeau. But, alas! the resemblance ends in the belfry. For Linsmeau's bells are melodious enough, and the bells of this place seem to rip the covering off your nerves.

They bring back again, with their hearty booming, the endless melancholy of childhood Sundays, the bells of Ennismore Gardens Church destroying all the gaiety that came from the Sunday treat of sausages for breakfast. All up and down Rutland Gate one saw the front doors open. Top-hatted or beplumed, our distinguished neighbours came out on to the steps. Here and there a majestic lady would linger, commanding the butler to remind the cook that His Lordship or Sir Hercules (as the case might be) liked his beef well roasted (which meant mahogany outside, and inside grey as a winter's sky). "Come on, Dorothea (or Florence)," a vigorous voice would boom. "The bell has almost stopped ringing!" Then one knew the full agony of Sunday could not be far off.

I don't know why English church bells so often depress me with their robust peals. English bell-casters are supposed to be almost the best in the world and English bell-ringing is a mysterious and complex art. Yet, I must confess, I never really got enjoyment from church bells till I went to Spain and Italy. Spanish church bells for the most part have a proud and imperious tone that fills me, not with melancholy, but a sort of pleasurable dread. I have only to see a great Viscayan bell swinging madly in its openwork belfry, and I think, not of worship, but of some call to arms in a forlorn and glorious venture.

Italy and Belgium

The thin and delicate modulations of Italian bells, on the other hand, evoke a heaven filled with compassion and gaiety. How pleasant it is, after the Wagnerian excitement of crossing the Alps, to stop your motor-car and listen. You will hear the bleat of a guard's trumpet from a lazy train, a snatch of "Traviata" from a bicycling workman; then faint and sweet across the mountain pastures the melody of some anonymous but confident church bell: or returning very late from some Venetian party, you will be shamed and charmed by the bells of the Redentore and the Salute, the Frari and San Giorgio Maggiore summoning the worthy to their first prayers.

I like, too, the elaborate carillons of Belgium, particularly from the spire of Malines, rising like God's warning finger across the flat stern countryside. And sometimes even English

bells give one an austere or wistful pleasure. The wind's casual ringing of a church bell in a Norfolk gale can have an undeniable poetry; and on a July evening the sound of distant peals across the cornfields brings to mind all the sober beauties of Gray's "Elegy," the very quintessence of a mood to be found nowhere else in the world. And I always regret not having heard the bells of England peal for the victory of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson—a gay burst of sound for the battle won, alternating with a solitary toll for the hero lost.

Pickled Walls

THE façade out of which I am looking is of great elegance, faced with a pearly stone, and enriched with four engaged columns that terminate in Egyptian capitals. Not many houses of moderate size within fifty miles of London which could far surpass this one for external grace and the happy disposition of its rooms. But, alas! a thousand regulations prevent my host, who has just moved into it, from decorating it to his taste, or from effacing the somewhat unhappy taste of the former owner. The house was evidently done up in the middle 'twenties, with all the careful foibles of that extraordinary age. For instance, the vast unbroken expanse of the drawing-room walls—not panelled, mind you, but ordinary plaster walls—have been painted to look like pickled woodwork, with knots delineated as lovingly as in a "trompe-l'œil." My first impression, to which I naturally did not give expression, was of living in an enormous packing-case. My host, however, put me at my ease by himself declaring the room to be like the inside of a huge cigar-box.

Personally, I find the effect of pickled woodwork, even when it is genuine panelling, broken by mouldings, to be utterly nauseous. To my shame, I must confess that my father was probably the inventor of the fashion. But he stumbled upon it unwittingly, I must in justice to his memory declare. For the Victoria and Albert Museum he acquired a number of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century panelled rooms. Successive coats of paint, one on top of the other, had blurred the sharpness of the carving. He stripped the paint off, that students might better observe the detail. The next thing was, half the houses in Chesham Place and Belgrave Square, Green Street and Park Street and Gloucester Place, were lined with panelling stripped at enormous expense—you were supposed to sentimentalize over the imperfections in the wood—and a pack of sharp little women did a roaring trade in bleached Samarkand rugs to go with the fashionable neutrality of the walls.

Goodness! How deplorably safe the whole colour scheme was! Not one bold or generous tint anywhere. It was like a perpetually

whispered conversation in a sick-room. We rail against the absurdities of Victorian taste; but the 'twenties, with their pickled wood, bleached Samarkands, cottage beams uncovered which were never meant to be seen and "off-white" furniture, seem to me the very nadir.

Good from the Atom Bomb

A FEW weeks ago I referred in this column to the report of ghostly shadows in wrecked Hiroshima—the shadow of a bridge, of a peasant with his cart, of a child going to school. Some explanation of the phenomenon has now been found. The heat was so terrific and so sudden, the very patterns of dresses or the criss-cross of braces have been discovered to be charred on many of the bodies there. Similarly, the bridge, the cart, the child to some extent shielded from the full extent of the heat the ground in their shadow.

But passing to pleasanter aspects of atomic research, I hear that while many American scientists do not believe we shall profit from atomic power for many years to come, they are persuaded of its immediate and enormous potential benefit to medicine.

We are still comparatively ignorant of the body's metabolism, and of the process by which we grow old. Atomic research has now given us, however, an unlimited supply of neutrons which become radiant in the beam of an X-ray. It should be possible to charge our food with a few unnoticeable neutrons, and then watch the whole process of digestion and metabolism in general. From that one may arrive at cures for hitherto incurable diseases, or ascertain what chemicals are needed to keep our tissues and our hearts young.

I have no desire for life to be unduly prolonged. But it would be nice to go to the grave having avoided decrepitude.

Unwilling Old Age

BUT, of course, growing old is no mere chemical process; it is also a spiritual one. If one does not achieve mellowness with age, the Lord help one! The truth of it has come home to me all too violently this "Saturday to Monday." An elderly gentleman in the party has made me miserably uneasy by his malice, his bitterness, his constantly competitive spirit, his refusal to listen to any but his own voice, or to see when he is not wanted. There is nothing more charming than gentle, witty old age; even a little malice is permissible when the spirit is fundamentally serene. But this sort of bitterness strains one's compassion, not to speak of one's lungs, when one is reduced rudely to shouting him down. Still, I have been warned. From today onwards, I shall seek to kill in me the last vestiges of the competitive ardour which poisoned my youth and my early thirties.

The Royal Academy Holds Its 178th Exhibition

THE first post-war season has opened in the traditional way, with the Private View of the Royal Academy. Once again all the familiar figures were to be seen, including the usual smattering of the artistic world, with their sombreros, handwoven hopsacks, low open sandals and arty crafty jackets

A FASCINATING pair of twins, long out of their teens, with identical "Bubbles" coiffures, yellow cardigans over striped gingham dresses, and stockingless legs in Bohemian sandals, were a very refreshing sight in this gallery of "dressy women." By the end of the first day nearly 200 pictures had been sold

THE President of the Royal Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, contributed six pictures of his own. Dame Laura Knight's "Nuremberg," a picture of the trials in progress, attracted a lot of attention, so also did Maurice Codner's portrait of Field-Marshal Alexander and Field-Marshal Montgomery, by John Worsley

● One of the visitors at the Private View was "Tatler's" gay young artist, Peggy Schlegel, whose illustrations to Simon Harcourt-Smith's column are widely enjoyed.

Peggy could not resist making a series of lightning sketches of some of those about her; and these you see below.



Entry



Too, Too . . .



Fully Fashioned



Art and Craft



Huddle



Opinion



JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

En Vacances

BRIDLINGTON, I discovered on arrival, has three cinemas. As the programme is changed twice a week, this means that one can find some sort of entertainment for every evening in the week. What the Bridlingtonians do when they are not going to the cinema passes my wit to discover. There are the sands, but somehow I have lost my taste for building sand-castles, and it was too early in the season to find small boys to play cricket with. There is paddling, but that is another sport I have outgrown. Remains pub-crawling, though I am told that one can do this in London. For the rest there is nothing to do except gaze into the half-canny, half-moon-struck faces of dale-dwellers who all look as though they had come out of a Priestley play. And, of course, to listen to stories of Yorkshire gumption told in an accent thicker than that pudding.

OF all the semi-cute, semi-gormless tales I listened to, every one of which exalted the Yorkshire character, there was only one that really pleased me. Here it is. A London valuer, not well acquainted with the West Riding character, was instructed by a client to purchase a small plot of land in the heart of the Heavy Woollen district. The owner was a typical West Riding self-made man who regarded himself as king of his small town, where he owned all the mills and employed practically all the workpeople. Negotiations were to be conducted in the office of the magnate's solicitor, who had begun nervously to warn the valuer that

Mr. Bruggs was, to put it mildly, an abrupt individual, when the door of the private office was pushed open and a bowler-hatted, stocky little man barged in saying: "Where's that bloody valuer?" "Here I am," said the valuer. "Well," said the magnate, "tha's after yon bit o' land. How much?" Said the valuer: "Mr. Bruggs, I am instructed to offer a fair price." "What's that mean i' brass?" "Fifty pounds." "My price is three hundred and seventy quid—any use my staying?" "If that's your lowest figure, I think not," said the valuer. With that the magnate turned on his heel and departed. The other followed soon after, to find the Essence of Yorkshire sheltering in the doorway from a cloudburst. The Essence turned and said: "Aren't you the bastard I met in thee?" "I am." "Well, what's tha going to tell thi wife about me?" "Good heavens," said the valuer, "I don't discuss my business affairs with my wife." "Happen not, but tha doesna meet chaps like me every day, and you'll likely say summat to her about me. At any rate, tell me what *tha* thinks." The Londoner said: "Well, if you really want to know, I think you're the most ignorant, common little bastard I've ever met!" The magnate gasped. "Lad," he said, "nobuddy's ever spokken to me like that in Cleckheckmondsedge afore. Let's go inside and get this bit o' business fixed." Five minutes later the sale was clinched at fifty-five pounds.

WAS it dull at Bridlington? Yes, unless you dote on moors and monoliths. I scoured

the countryside to find a cricket match. Again, too early. I did the Lighthouse on Flamborough Head. Or rather, I sat in the car and drank in the sunshine and sea air and listened to Jack Hill, its amiable driver and own brother to Joe Gargery, tell his story of Yorkshire's Most Predatory Female. Jack's small boys, aged three and two, had taken their seven weeks' old puppy for a walk. On their return, in tears and minus the puppy, he gathered that they had met a little girl accompanied by her mother, that the little girl had stroked the puppy, and that her mother had said: "Pick it up and take it home."

ONE night I went to see Shirley Temple in *Kiss and Tell*. In London I should have fled from this as from the plague; here it was my last defence against a touring lot in *Lilac Time*. The story was revolting. About a chit of fifteen who, to screen a school-friend, pretended to be pregnant. (What the six-year-old little girl in front of me made of it I don't know.) One witty line by the outraged father who couldn't contact the doctor spending the afternoon on the links. "Obstetricians shouldn't play golf!"

The second film I saw was *State Fair*, through which I blissfully slept. But then, I always sleep through *State Fair*.

AND then I happened upon another West End favourite. Maggie, brought up in a convent at Colchester and wandering into the fields to make a daisy-chain, is deflowered by an enterprising gipsy. She leaves the convent, marries and settles in Cromer, having, when the film proper starts, a daughter of marriageable age. When the wind is north-north-east Cromer's model mother knows a hawk from a handsaw. But when it is southerly, say every five years or so, she goes as mad as six Ophelias, flies off to Colchester and cohabits for a spell with the rorty leader of a band of toughs. This is no use to anybody, wherefore, to make the film moral, she dies in an odour compounded of Emma Bovary's First Communion and Southend Carnival Week. Sprinkle with the accents of Roedean and any suburban tennis-club, throw in your local *palais de danse* and corner-pub, and it doesn't matter whether you call the thing *Madonna of the Seven Moons* or *Maggie of the Seven Gin-and-Its*. Three-quarters of the audience left before the end, though the local bus service may have had something to do with this.

AND that's really all there is to be said about holidaying in Yorkshire. One motored to Scarborough after a journey through country best described as "open," only to run into a "sea-fret" coupled with a marrow-freezing wind. (The two perfectly explain Sibelius!) Apart from the pictures there was nothing to do and nothing to see except ex-repertory actresses trundling about on bicycles, unless, of course, you count card-tricks after supper by a fellow-boarder. I was grieved not to encounter a single stroke of wit, and humiliated to discover that I was not the cause of wit in other men. This strengthens my belief that all that England has of this commodity is centred in the Eros statue with a circumference taking in, clock-wise, Potters Bar, Rainham, Carshalton and West Drayton. I wept—literally shed tears—when, within ten minutes of my return, a friend rang up to say: "I've got a new poet for you. Half Rupert Brooke and half George R. Sims." No, I hold Yorkshire to be a mistake. Next year, as a good Lancastrian, I shall go to Morecambe, which salubrious resort combines, as all the polite world knows, the wit of Paris with the elegance of old Vienna, and adds to the vices of Buda the virtues of Pesth.



"*Dragonwyck*" is adapted from the best-seller novel by Anya Seton—a story full of the most turbulent of the human passions. Gene Tierney plays Miranda who marries her rich and handsome cousin Nicholas (Vincent Price) as his second wife. Too late she finds out that he is mad, cruel and a murderer. Others in the cast are Glenn Langan as the young doctor who loves Miranda, Walter Huston as her father, and young Connie Marshall as Nicholas's unloved little girl



Sir Herbert Ingram, whose fine collection of bronzes and great knowledge of Chinese ceramics is world famous, with Mrs. Stirling



Lady Ingram with her four grandchildren: Molly, Vivian and Robin Ingram, the children of Captain Herbert Ingram, and baby Andrew, the son of Major Michael Ingram

Four Generations At A Birthday Party In London

Lady Ingram, wife of Sir Herbert Ingram, of Driffield Manor, Cirencester, celebrated her fifty-fifth birthday by giving a party at the May Fair. Four generations of the family were present, the eldest being Mrs. Laura Stirling, who is eighty-two, and the youngest, Andrew, who is just a few months old. Sir Herbert Ingram, who is the grandson of Mr. Herbert Ingram, founder of the *Illustrated London News* succeeded his father, Sir William Ingram, in 1924. His brother, Captain Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., is the present chairman and editor of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*



A family group which includes Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Ingram, Dr. and Mrs. Mervyn Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. Harden, Captain and Mrs. Collingwood Ingram, Jane, Jennifer, John, Colin and Charlotte Ingram and Vivian and Geoffrey Harden. Captain Collingwood Ingram, brother of Sir Herbert, is well known to all garden lovers as "Cherry" Ingram. The nickname was given to him when he introduced the Japanese cherry to this country and each year, when the cherries are in flower, his famous gardens are thrown open to the public for the benefit of some charity



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Good Neighbours: Robert Burton as Dr. Gibbs,
Esther Somers as Mrs. Gibbs, Marjorie Garrett as Mrs.
Webb, and Lester Lonergan, Jr., as Mr. Webb

The Theatre

"Our Town" (New)

WHEN the "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough was cleaned the boy was seen to be as blue as a kingfisher, and at once many people said the picture was ruined; it had lost all that old-mastery mellowness which was their name for dirt. Mr. Thornton Wilder is one of America's more austere playwrights, and he cannot wait for time to mellow his stage pictures. He uses only those colours which you may call subdued and delicate or, if they happen not to strike you as old-mastery, dingy.

THE curtain never rises on his play. You observe as you take your seat that a property man is arranging a few tables and chairs on the darkened stage, and when the last foyer bell has rung the property man takes his pipe out of his mouth and begins to talk informatively but with an old-fashioned guide-book dullness of Grover's Corners, a New Hampshire small town of fifty years ago where nothing but birth, marriage and death ever seemed to happen. Nor is this quietly avuncular expositor leading us up the garden path. That is all that ever did happen in Grover's Corners. We are to be shown it happening.

The property man puts his pipe in his pocket and beckons in a couple of rose-entwined trellises "for folk who feel they must have scenery." Behind one Mrs. Gibbs cooks an invisible breakfast, in front of the other a milk boy delivers imaginary milk bottles and passes the time of day with Mrs. Webb. While these

housewives continue their domestic charades the narrator explains them. They have looked after their husbands and children for he doesn't know how many years without a vacation and without a nervous breakdown. "You cannot have life unless you like it, and you cannot like it unless you have it. Something of a vicious circle," remarks the narrator. These wives have somehow managed to break the circle. Is it that they are very remarkable women, or can it be that the seemingly unpretentious apophthegm is pretentiously untrue?

AND so it goes on. Their husbands, decent kindly middle-aged men, tell us chucklingly of the misgivings with which they married and how they are happy after all. The young people are exposed to the magic of moonlight over New Hampshire and, wonderingly, painfully, exquisitely fall in love and are, with last-minute nerve storms, married. The choir-master gives scandal by ever more frequent bouts of drinking. Everyone pretends not to notice it, but nobody knows how it will turn out. Life goes on, and then—in the last act—all these good people are found sitting on chairs, as though attending a lecture, rigid as tombstones. They have died, and they are quite glad to be dead. At first there is the temptation to leave the cemetery and watch life still going on in Grover's Corners. But for all that the living can tell something may



The Young Lovers and the Stage Manager: Carolyn Wall as Emily Webb,
Richard Hylton as George Gibbs, and Marc
Connelly as the stage manager

happen to them at any moment, even in Grover's Corners, and they are on that account always a little troubled. The dead find it more comfortable gently to withdraw themselves further and further away from the living: at which point the lights go up in the auditorium and the company takes its bow.

MR. MARC CONNELLY, dramatist turned actor for the moment, is the narrator, carrying a heavy factual burden without faltering, but with a somewhat matter-of-fact manner. Mr. Richard Hylton and Miss Carolyn Wall are the only two members of a multitudinous cast called upon to act, and as the young people touched by the disturbing beauty of first and happy love they give delightful performances. The rest are asked only to bring professional accomplishment to the kind of charade in which nine out of ten of us would acquit ourselves more or less creditably. But the play itself can be given no general recommendation. It will be a different thing to different people. Some will feel that it gives poetic significance to simple enduring things; others that in its grey unpretentiousness it is intolerably pretentious.

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Miss Helen Simons and Lt. Raphael de Sola



Lt.-Cdr. C. H. Tross Youle (Assistant Secretary) and Miss Joan Kirkley



Dr. and Mrs. Martin Scott



A THEATRE IS BORN

"I Like This One," says Ralph Richardson. He is in conference on the new Toy Theatre with Doris Zinkeisen, the stage-décor artist, and Alan Keen, who deals in rare books and who purchased the business recently



"I Think About Here." Doris Zinkeisen, who is helping to bring the original Pollock Toy Theatre up to date, discusses some of the improvements. The theatres are made of laminated plastic board and wood, and the drop-curtain bears the original Pollock design and lettering

RALPH RICHARDSON REVIVES AN ENCHANTING INDUSTRY

ACROSS Ralph Richardson has revived, with the help of a few friends, London's most enchanting industry, the traditional English Toy Theatre, beloved of—and made immortal by—Robert Louis Stevenson.

How such a busy man has added to his many artistic activities is here told. We went to The Old Gate House, Cliffords Inn, where we found Richardson's partner, Alan Keen, dealer in rare books. Set just behind the busy Strand, the lovely little Gate House must be one of the few landmarks of old London. A fitting setting for a dealer in rare books. Alan Keen came into the news in 1941 with his startling discovery of a Tudor history book, *Hall's Chronicles*. In it were annotations made by Shakespeare on Richard II., Henry IV. and Henry V.

After five years of research on this tome, the sum total of Keen's findings will be published this year.

Like Ralph Richardson, Alan Keen had always been interested in the Toy Theatre; in fact, he made his first as a schoolboy. Equally, both share the hobby of stage décor. But Alan Keen drifted from art to writing, and finally was able to indulge in an almost lifelong passion for tracking down rare books and manuscripts, many of which have found a resting place across the Atlantic.

Seventeen years ago Keen was down Hoxton way, an East End

district of London where Benjamin Pollock had a small shop. This sold toy theatres for the East End children at a modest sum. Keen never dreamed then that the day would come when he and Richardson would revive this old, one-man industry.

Benjamin Pollock died and the business was carried on by one of his daughters, Ellen Pollock, and the children were still able to enter the realms of imagination.



The Former Owner of the Pollock Theatres was Miss Ellen Pollock, who succeeded her father after his death, carrying on with the manufacture of the toy theatres through the war until her retirement just over a year ago. The little shop in Hoxton did not escape Hitler's attack on the East End and was badly bombed

Like many another landmark, the little shop in Hoxton was badly bombed during the war. Not so long ago Keen heard that Ellen Pollock, now getting on in years, was retiring and wanted to sell the business.

One day, Keen walked into the shop and bought the business complete with whatever stock remained. He and Richardson had to decide then what to do to give it new life, and the logical outcome seemed to be to form a company which would not only make these delightful little theatres available to children the world over, but grown-ups as well.

Ralph Richardson liked the idea and became the first shareholder. Now he is on the Board of Directors. With him are Alan Keen, Frances Keen, his wife, Robert Donat and Douglas Millard.

A shop window had now to be found for this new and already thriving industry. A property has been acquired in the Adelphi and shortly the Pollock Toy Theatres will find a home in the West instead of the East End of London. This does not mean, however, that the children of London's poorer quarters will be deprived of the toy originally designed for them. Ever since Ralph Richardson and Keen acquired the business, a catalogue service has been in operation for them. Through this service they are still able to purchase a theatre, sheets of scenery,



Up Goes the Curtain. Not, in this instance, on the first scene of a juvenile drama, but for the amusement and interest of three people who are reviving this old and enchanting industry. The problem under discussion is that of a curved stage-front versus a square one, as seen by the plan in Alan Keen's hand



Feminine Curiosity is displayed by Tye, Miss Zinkeisen's Siamese cat, who takes a rather fearsome interest in her mistress's work. While retaining all the old favourites, modern methods in stage decor and printing will bring the industry up to date without losing any of its old charm

characters, the book of words and all the necessary etceteras for a modest sum.

Nor are the sick and maimed little ones in hospitals and homes forgotten. Applications from these establishments pour in, and one well-known children's specialist, a bachelor who gives every spare moment to his sick charges, provides theatres and gives the shows himself.

Modern methods in manufacture and decor mean thousands more theatres and world-wide export a wider field.

In the old days the coloured sheets of scenery and characters were printed by hand and run off the stone. They were colourful, but crude. While all the old favourites will be kept going, Doris Zinkeisen, famous stage-decor artist, has joined the company and will bring to the modern toy theatres all that is best in modern theatre art.

The new company have taken over 1300 copper plates; all the scenes, characters and stage fronts; J. B. Priestley has written the first new toy-theatre play, *High Toby*. There is an old flavour about the title. It reminds one of old inns and highwaymen.

The first of the old repertoire to be revived and modernised is *The Silver Palace*. This, incidentally, was the genesis of Diaghileff's lovely ballet, *The Triumph of Neptune*.

One of the old hands remains with the new company, and she is still printing stencils for the East End children. Her salary has increased, too. It used to be 5s. per 144 sheets. Now it is quadrupled, and she feels she's in the big money!

America will be the first country to market the new Pollock Toy Theatres. Mace's, New York's gigantic store, are holding an exhibition of these enchanting toys this month. It is hoped that Ralph Richardson, who is now in America with the Old Vic Company, will be able to attend its opening.

If the original toy theatre was made immortal by Robert Louis Stevenson, then, without doubt, the creator of Long John Silver would bless those who are giving new life to this traditional English craft.



Preparing the Cast. The characters and scenery are stencilled in colour on sheets, from which Doris Zinkeisen is cutting out some of the figures. Each play has a complete cast, together with scenery, the book of words and the props



Viscountess Cowdray showed her Bumble Bee in the Light Weight Hunter class. Lady Cowdray is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford



Some of the Competitors at the Cowdray Hunt Horse Show and Hunter Trials Held at
A double prize-winner was Miss Audrey Taylor with Silver Sand and Golden Joy. She won the Hunter Trials and special B.S.J.A. rosettes



One of the competitors was Mrs. S. D. Maxwell, who showed her horse Smokey in the Light Weight Hunter class

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE most pleasant sign of peace in London just now is to be seen by those who visit Buckingham Palace, where the long beds opposite the Garden Entrance, beside the lawns, where diplomats gather at garden-parties, are filled with a colourful profusion of tulips—tulips of nearly every shade, massed in broad washes of cheerful contrast. Last year, these beds were still doing wartime duty as vegetable plots, their decorativeness confined to the ferny foliage of carrots and the deep crimson of beets. Most of the King's official visitors in the days since the Court returned from Windsor have paused to admire the brave show through the windows, and just before Their Majesties came back, Queen Mary drove over specially from Marlborough House to see the display at its best. In her own gardens at Marlborough House, Her Majesty has a display of her own rivalling that of the Palace in magnificent colour: the bulbs were sent her as a gift from Holland, and, with her customary thoughtfulness for others, she has had photographs of the flowers in full bloom taken to send to the donors. Both at Kew Gardens and at Hampton Court, Queen Mary has been a frequent visitor in the past week or two, sometimes going on her own, sometimes accompanied by her sister-in-law, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

AN AMBASSADOR DEPARTS

NONE of the many friends he made during his stay in London as Ambassador for the United States will miss Mr. John Winant more than the King and Queen, both of whom developed a sincere liking and a great regard for the dark-haired, deep-voiced American with an incisive brain and a broad outlook on world affairs. The Queen did the retiring Ambassador and his wife the unusual honour of inviting them to tea with her at Buckingham Palace on one of the days when Her Majesty came up alone from Windsor to fulfil engagements in town, and expressed the real regret felt by the King as well as herself at his departure—which does not mean, of course, that there is not a real Royal welcome for Mr. Averell Harriman, Mr. Winant's successor at Grosvenor Square, but merely that the King and Queen are sorry to have to say good-bye to one whom they have come to count among their personal friends.

The Queen took advantage of her visit to London on the same day to go to the Lefevre Galleries in Bond Street to have a private view of the collection of paintings and drawings by Lady "Pat" Ramsay, daughter of the first Duke of Connaught, and the best artist the Royal Family has seen for many a long year. Lady "Pat" showed the Queen round the exhibition, which Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent visited later in the day.

FIRST SPRING MEETING

THE first spring meeting at Newmarket was lucky in having bright, sunny weather. Everyone was delighted to see H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who was staying with Lady Wolverton at Queensbury House for three days of the meeting, having come straight down from Sunderland, where she had completed her third successful launch, this time of an oil tanker, which she named the *Princess Elizabeth*. Hats off and great cheering greeted H.M. the King's three winners, Rising Light on the second day, Kingstone on the Thursday, and then the incredible performance of Hypericum on the final day, when she won the One Thousand Guineas by a length and a half from the favourite, Neolight, after having thrown her jockey and bolted at the start. No one was more delighted than Princess Elizabeth, who was quickly down to see the winner come in, and not only did she congratulate her father's trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and his jockey, Douglas Smith, but also Mr. Peter McCall, assistant to Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, for his prompt action in motoring Hypericum's attendant down behind the stands in time to catch the filly.

On the previous Wednesday, in spite of having travelled all night across country in the Royal train, which the King had put at her disposal for the first time, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, looking fresh and pretty in navy blue, accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Strachey, and the King's racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore, was one of the first in the paddock to see the runners for the Two Thousand Guineas. The winner, as you know, proved to be Sir William Cooke's big bay colt, Happy Knight, who is now favourite for the Derby. Sir William Cooke was in the paddock with his

daughter, chatting to his trainer, Jelliss. H.H. the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, who had two runners in the Two Thousand, The Yuvaraj and Maharaj Kumar, was accompanied by the Maharanee, who looked striking in light blue with blue sun-glasses. The Gaekwar's trainer, Fred Armstrong, was with them. The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, with her husband and her trainer, Fred Darling (who has trained many classic winners), were watching her good-looking colt Edward Tudor, who, ridden by the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, finished fifth in the race.

RACEGOERS

AMONG others I saw at the meeting were the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere and his youngest sister, Lady Anne Egerton, who was strolling round with Earl Haig. The Ellesmeres' home, Sketchworth Park, is so handy for the course. Sir Humphrey de Trafford was there and his four attractive daughters. Another family of racing enthusiasts were the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, his mother, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, and two of his sisters, Lady Joan Philipps and Lady Helena Hilton-Green. The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, the latter looking very attractive in navy blue, were down from Yester, their home in East Lothian, staying with friends for the meeting. Lord and Lady Delamere brought a small party from Six Mile Bottom, including Lady Delamere's younger son, Noel Cunningham-Reid. Major and Mrs. Harry Misa had their pretty daughter Kit with them, and Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh had their daughter Susan (on leave from the W.R.N.S.) with them. Lady Zia Wernher, who had a winner the first day, was enjoying her first visit to headquarters since her visit to America to see her elder daughter. Many of the women chose the still-popular navy blue—these included the Countess of Sefton, Mrs. Jimmy Rank, whose husband had two winners at the meeting; Lady Sykes, Lady Ursula Vernon and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's second daughter, who has been working with our troops in Germany. She was escorted by her brother, the Marquess of Blandford, in the uniform of the Life Guards. Also at the meeting were Lord and Lady

The "Daily Mail" Jubilee Dinner to Celebrate the Newspaper's 50th Birthday



Cowdray Park, Midhurst, the Home of Viscount Cowdray

A young competitor, Miss Tania Thompson, receives assistance from another young rider, Miss Joyce Buller



Young Mr. Allan, of Meadacre Farm, Aylesbury, taking the triple bar in the Novice Jumping class

Irwin, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Lord Stanley, who has just been elected a member of the jockey club; Lord Allendale, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Rachel Davidson, Lord Herbert, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, looking very pretty and wearing most gay and attractive colourings; Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, her cousin, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, Lord and Lady Ganthorpe, Lt.-Col. John and Lady Jane Nelson, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, the newly-married William McGowans, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Mr. Tom Blackwell and his charming mother; the Aly Khan, who had news that his father will be arriving here soon; Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen and Sir Hervey Bruce, who had just come out of hospital after a fall in a point-to-point. He won his first big race on this course when Kerry Power won the Cesarewitch last autumn.

ANGLO-AMERICAN

FRIENDS and fellow-workers turned up in large numbers at the party given by Mrs. Warren Pearl and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch to mark the closing of the American Trailer Ambulance, which has done such memorable work during the war years in providing mobile canteens and trailer ambulances for blitzed areas and war zones.

The idea of raising money for ambulances was conceived at White Lodge, Richmond, early in July 1940 by Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch (who was then Mrs. Reynolds-Albertini) and Mrs. Warren Pearl, and as a result of their efforts and the help of a small committee, which included two officers in America, Mr. Paul Mellon and Mr. Robert W. Bingham, two vice-presidents, Mrs. R. S. Hudson and Col. F. Warren Pearl, and a London committee working under Mrs. Warren Pearl as chairman, Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch as deputy-chairman, Mr. Robert Hutchinson as vice-chairman and Mr. Stuart Pearl as hon. treasurer, nearly £22,000 was raised. At the final committee meeting which preceded the party, members stood in silence for a few moments in remembrance of Miss Mabel Boardman (head of the American Red Cross in U.S.A.) and Mr. "Tiny" Reynolds-Albertini, both greatly-loved members of the original "team."

In the crowded suite at the Dorchester, moving around among the many guests, I saw Prince Vsevolode of Russia and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Earl and Countess of Portarlington, Lord Boston, Lady Emmott, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston and his fiancée, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, Mrs. Everett Vogt (whose daughter Lucille—Mrs. James Alston—is now very happily installed in her lovely new home in Georgia with her husband and small son, Stuart), Mr. John M. Gauntlett, Mr. George Tait, Sir Louis and Lady Greig, Mrs. Dudley Porter (who came with her mother), Lt.-Col. James Reynolds-Veitch, Sir Giles and

Lady Loder, Mrs. Lawrence Tweedy and Sir Noel and Lady Curtis-Bennett.

LOOKING AT PICTURES

As usual on Private View day at the Royal Academy, it was difficult to see the pictures owing to the vast crowd. Amongst those I met were Lady Kelly, the subject of three of her husband's six pictures hung this year. The Countess of Dudley, escorted by Lord Stanley of Alderley, in naval uniform, came to see her portrait by Mr. Anthony Devas; Lord Cowdray, the owner of many beautiful pictures, was going around the Galleries quietly alone, as were Sir George Franckenstein and young Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Sir Richard and Lady Pease were greeting many friends on their way through the crowd. The Hon. Mrs. Butterwick was escorting her mother, Lady Dickinson, and both were taking the greatest interest in Richard Eurich's fine picture of the King knighting the Provost of Eton last year. The Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Marten, was another who came to see this picture, and I also met Lady Crosfield with her nephew Paul, who showed me where he was portrayed in the front row of Eton boys in the picture. Lady Dashwood, wearing a becoming white hat, was a morning visitor to the exhibition, as were the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Mrs. Harry Wagg. Others there during the day were the President, Sir Alfred Munnings, and Lady Munnings, the Duchess of Roxburghe, looking charming in navy blue, Lord Chetwode, Mrs. Hope Collins (who, with her husband, is the owner of many pictures painted by Sir Alfred Munnings), Sir Malcolm Sargent, Baroness de Worms and her daughter Violet, the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, Lord Bruntisfield, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, whose portrait by A. K. Lawrence is hung on the line, Miss Matilda Etches, and Miss Flora Lion, very smart in red, with Miss Christine McCann, the subject of one of her portraits.

ORATORY WEDDING

MANY guests crowded the Brompton Oratory for the wedding of Sir Harold Hood to the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy. The bride, who is the only daughter of Lord Strabolgi and Doris Lady Strabolgi, was given away by her eldest brother, the Hon. David Kenworthy, and wore an unusual picture dress of heavy white brocade. Viscountess Parker was a Matron of Honour, and wore a flame-coloured silk dress with a turquoise-blue straw hat, while the two bridesmaids, Miss Daphne Shaw and Miss Coolleen Worthington, were in turquoise blue and carried flame-coloured tulips.

The bridegroom is the eldest son of the late Sir Joseph Hood, M.P. His younger brother, Mr. Robin Hood, was best man.

After their honeymoon, Sir Harold and his wife hope to be able to move into their attractive Chelsea house, which is at present requisitioned.



Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder being received by Viscount and Viscountess Rothermere. There were 500 guests, who represented all phases of public life, at the dinner



Viscount Camrose and Mr. Winston Churchill, who was the principal guest, proposed the toast at the dinner, and congratulated the newspaper on its 50th birthday



Sir William Reid Dick, the sculptor, Mr. Ward Price, the war correspondent, and Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy



OUR FUTURE QUEEN
SEES HER FATHER'S
THOUSAND GUINEAS
WINNER UNSADDLED

HYPERICUM, THE KING'S MAGNIFICENT BAY FILLY, BEAT THE FAVOURITE, MR. J. A. DEWAR'S NEOLIGHT, BY ONE-AND-A-HALF LENGTHS TO WIN THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET; LORD ROSEBERY'S IONA WAS THIRD. SHE DID SO AFTER THROWING HER JOCKEY, D. SMITH, AT THE STARTING-GATE AND CANTERING BACK TOWARDS THE PADDOCK. SHE WAS CAUGHT, REMOUNTED, THEN RAN A BRILLIANT RACE

THE PRINCESS AND THE TURF

The photographs we publish on these two pages are the first clearly showing the very keen interest which Princess Elizabeth now takes in racing. This interest has been a matter for delighted comment for some time as to how soon, if at all, she may have her own racehorses

THE lively interest in racing displayed by the Heiress-Presumptive has not unnaturally induced speculation as to whether sooner, rather than later, another name may not be added to the list of Royal owners on the English Turf. Rumour has even gone so far as to predict that H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth may register her colours at once.

The first presumption is by no means extravagant, for there is at least one notable precedent of a female member of the Royal House owning racehorses. The second is by no means so likely, for, if precedent be followed, Princess Elizabeth's horses would carry the Royal jacket.

When the then Prince of Wales's (later Edward VII.) Persimmon won the Derby in 1896, his Ambush II. the Grand National in 1900, his Diamond Jubilee the Derby in 1900, they all carried the Royal colours. As King of England, Edward VII. won the Derby of 1909 with the leased Minoru. No Princess of the blood has, so far, been an owner, but at least one Queen of England has. Anne not only founded Ascot, but owned and raced horses before and after that event. Usually they ran in the Queen's name, but sometimes in that of that great figure in turf history, Tregonwell Frampton, the Keeper of the Queen's Running Horses, an appointment equivalent to that of the present Manager of the Royal racing establishment. In the very last weeks of Queen Anne's life, two of her horses won races at York.

It may not be quite safe to say that Queen Anne can be claimed as the only British monarch of her sex who has owned racehorses, for it is almost impossible not to believe that that gallant Boudicca (Queen Boadicea) did not do so. She had much more than a cavalry division of her warlike Iceni lying at Exning, the present Exning; there was the whole glorious expanse of Newmarket Heath, so what is the fair presumption? Queen Elizabeth never owned racehorses, and the Turf probably would not have appealed to her penurious nature, and furthermore, in Tudor days, racing, as we understand it to-day, had no regular organisation. Richard II. is alleged to have ridden races and to have "well loved a good horse," and, according to some biographers, not to have been too particular as to how he got him; James I., Charles I., Charles II. (the only King who has ever ridden a winner at Newmarket), James II., William of Orange, Anne, the four Georges, the Duke of York (1822), William IV., Edward VII., George V., Edward VIII., and his present Majesty, a long and interesting list of Royal owners, and now, perhaps, an eighteenth name may be added.

Precedent is hardly lacking, and perhaps the present general wish where H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth is concerned is not merely the father to the thought.

"SABRETACHE"



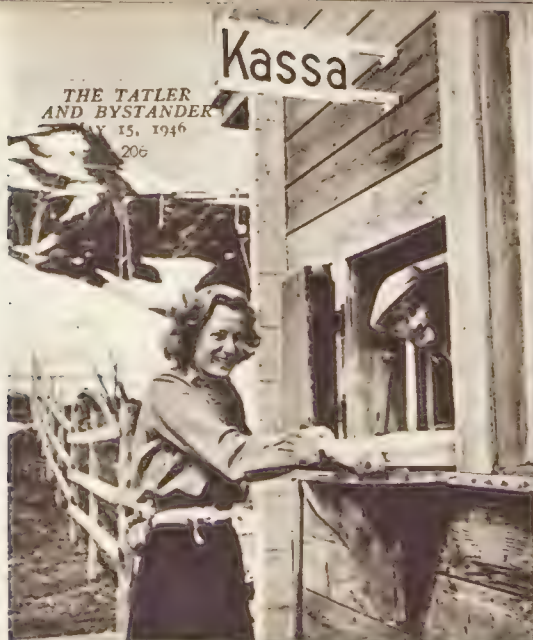
The King was not at Newmarket to see his filly win the race. Princess Elizabeth was, and is here watching jockey D. Smith unsaddle



Outside the weighing-in room Princess Elizabeth is talking to Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, and Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, with the Earl of Harewood, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, in the background*



The finish of the One Thousand Guineas seen from the private stand at Newmarket



Some Visitors at
Kleine-Scheidegg

Miss Audrey Sale Barker
buys a ticket for the
ski-lift



Master David Bathurst, elder son of the
Hon. Ben and Mrs. Bathurst, waits on a
jungfrauahn "Zug"



Mrs. Montague Kavanagh and Mrs. Carleton
Tufnell are on the sun-terrace. Mrs. Kavanagh is
the former Miss Penelope Maxwell-Woosnam

PRISCILLA in PARIS

THE way we live for our tummies in this village is truly terrible. I see quite nice, well-dressed people pause on the pavement outside the side-entrances of certain restaurants and big hotels to watch the provender that is carried in. They say nothing, but their eyes are eloquent. It was, therefore, with quite vicious joy that I read the headlines in one of the "dailies" that said: "Our visitors do not care for the menu at 125 francs," and learned that the bill of fare at the George V. held so little attraction for some of the delegates to the Paris Conference that the dining-room was practically deserted. Lunch consisted of "*Hors d'Œuvres, Ravioli Niçois, Carottes Vichy and Conipôtes assorties*" (assorted stewed fruit); while the dinner boasted of "Soup, Cauliflower sauté, Spinach en branche and ices." All this beautifully-cooked and served, but no supplements! No wonder everyone went off round the corner to hunt for one of the many little Black Market pubs that abound and of which the addresses are willingly supplied by every *chasseur*, or commissionaire, not to mention the nearest *sergent de ville*—but there one must go canny; look at his boots first, to see their state of repair.

This desire to make the most of Paris is a very human one, and I entirely sympathise with the dear delegates, but I hope that when they get home and recount their experiences they will kindly remember that only a small minority of Parisians can afford these B.M. restaurants and that the average home menu never boasts of two vegetables, while stewed fruit is kept for the children, since the official price of the dried commodity—we have no other at the moment—is 170 frs. the pound. I am not forgetting that rhubarb is now arriving on the markets, but how can one eat rhubarb without a sufficiency of sugar or without custard? And how can one make custard, since we have no milk or eggs? Of course, the big, official feeds at the Presidency offer other mouth-watering menus, but this, as the great Bespectacled One used to say, "is another story."

At the Plaza-Athenée, where the Russian delegates are parked, M. Patchenko himself plays majordomo in the distribution of the butter rations. One hundred and thirty kilos have been "*débloqués*" to cover the needs of our little brothers. Now we know why our coupons have not yet been honoured this month. The fair sex forms 30 per cent. of the Soviet colony; they have brought their own dentist,

doctor, hairdresser and journalists, and the bullet-proof car supplied by the French Government is driven by a Russian chauffeur. *On est jamais si bien servi que par soi-même*

THE box-office bookings at all the theatres have gone up with a rush, and while the syndicated employees of the State-subsidised Opéra and Opéra-Comique are still on strike—so à propos, isn't it?—the Folies-Bergère takings are over 300,000 frs. at every performance. The fact that Paul Derval has been collecting materials—silk, satin, velvet and even rags—for several years in order to be able to produce his very gorgeous show reminds me to write of the agonised moan that is coming from the ecclesiastical tailors and outfitters. Cashmere, nun's-veiling, serge and fine cloth are unobtainable, and the *padres*, whether they are *monseigneurs* or village *curés*, are going about in well-worn cassocks of which the very darns are darned, while the *grands couturiers* continue to supply the *belles dames* of the capital with the little black frocks without which "no well-dressed woman's wardrobe is complete."

Geo London, the famous crime reporter, who, curiously enough, once cumulated the job of Press secretary at the Folies and the presidency of a religious association of journalists, was amongst the jurymen—picked from the audience—at a recent performance of *The Night of January 12th*, at the Apollo Theatre. During an impassioned speech by the defence in this successful murder play, a strange sound was heard. . . . Geo London, his head pillowed on the edge of the box, was snoring as soundly as if he was in his little cot at home. He has since been named "the busman," and loving enquiries are made about his holiday.

I HAVE received the following letter from Cannes that fills me with frustrated longings and envy: ". . . I suppose it is useless to hope that Miss Chrysler would bring you here for a week of sunshine. This is just a cottage, no marble nor trimmings, but blue skies, thousands of roses, a good cook, gasoline, and . . . we would love to have you. Cannes is awakening—the groans now drowned by pæans of publicity. We are organising a gala at the Casino to raise funds to reopen our English hospital, Sunny Bank. *La collection Worth passera*. They are giving us a dress worth 75,000 frs. ! We have had the first christening in five years, the daughter of Mrs. Macpherson (ex-Miss Ardryn Orr-Lewis, heiress to the Canadian fortune); Barbara Hutton and her latest husband, Freddy

McEvoy, have the super-suite at the Carlton. Freddy's mother has decided that *this* time her son must—[Nuff sed. EDITOR.] Ex-Enid Furness, looking more lovely than ever, is around getting evidence for—" [Must I repeat myself? EDITOR.]

Jean-Gabriel Domergue has had a bit of a thrill coming back from Algiers. The 'plane he was on shed part of its innards over the Mediterranean and dropped to within 200 yards of the demned moist, unpleasant mixture. . . . The pilot, however, managed, it seems, to strike an air-stream and they upsy-daisyed, switchback-like, to the coast and safety. It sounds a tall story to me, but Jean is very persuasive, and he still turns green when he tells it.

WHAT the voting on May 5th will bring forth no one knows. French women are not politically-minded and they appear to mislay their *carte d'électrice* more easily than their ration-cards. Also, the *bourgeoisie* and middle class have careless ways of shirking their responsibilities, and so long as they still have a cigarette-paper layer of rubber on their tyres and a pint of juice in the tank they prefer to week-end—pronounced "veck-ande"—rather than stay home for the Sunday visit to the polls. All this is somewhat disheartening. However, the sun shines, the flowers bloom, the little bur-r-r-dies sing, and we must "gaze on the heavens for what we miss on earth." But let's hope there are no politics in Heaven.

Voilà!

Yves Mirande, the French dramatist who has written so many amusing farces and whose adaptation of a pre-Other War success, *Peg o' My Heart*, is being revived, is as great a joker in private life as he is behind the footlights. The other day he went to order a new suit—in fact, several new suits! "Would Monsieur like me to give him his bill for what we made him last winter?" asked the tailor.

"No, no," answered Mirande, his voice charged with indignation and reproof. "Remember the paper shortage! One bill will cover the lot."

Postmarked "Suisse"—

Alpine Scrap-book

I'M sending this, my first Alpine news-reel for seven years, from a chalet in the braes of Kleine-Scheidegg beneath the shadow of the Jungfrau, 7000 ft. up in the Bernese Oberland. I paused in Zurich before proceeding mountainwards, and there saw Franz Lehar, the Hungarian-born composer, sitting in the cool of the Baur du Lac garden, and the Duke of Hamilton's ski champion brother-in-law, Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, boarding a Berne-bound Zug at the Haupt Bahnhof.

There's no exaggerating the scrupulous cleanliness of this faultlessly-laid-out town with its wide, tree-bordered streets. Even the pale-blue trams have an unobtrusive charm. After dark the shop windows in the Bahnhofstrasse—Zurich's Bond Street—transform themselves into Aladdin's caves, with their breath-taking array of jewellery, millinery, sweets, fruits, clocks and toys. Yet Switzerland to-day is not a land flowing with cherry jam and chocolate; you need to give mahlzeitenkarte coupons—the equivalent of points—for both these cherished delicacies. The same applies to your hotel, restaurant, or buffet-car meals. Apart from the fortnightly quota of 110 coupons, there's a supplementary issue for soap and pastries. Sugar, fats and oils are not plentiful—neither is coal, most of which, formerly imported from Wales and Belgium, now comes from the U.S.A.

Most hotels resourcefully maintain their "chauffage" on wood, but even in this mountain-bound chalet up here in the Oberland, the water in my bedroom basin tap is never cold.

Oh, my, oh, my—as Miss Gertrude Stein would say—it really does make one feel most uncommonly strange to be back in this Alpine fastness, with the sun streaming in at the window and that graceful and proficient skieuse, Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, precipitating herself down the slopes of the Lauberhorn. She, like Mrs. Alan Butler—a former fellow-A.T.A. pilot—head the vanguard of British skiers who ascended to Scheidegg over Easter. The Jungfraubahn has been working overtime hauling sun-bronzed skiers up to the high ground, where snow conditions, despite an unusually early spring, heralded by a heat-wave, are ideal. At the time of writing, Lady Orr-Lewis, Ella Maillart, Mrs. "Bill" Bracken (whose husband sports a double-breasted hunting-pink ski jacket), and the Ben Bathursts (whose two stalwart small sons are also en evidence) have just returned from a three-day expedition among the glacier heights, for which this H.Q. is an unrivalled base.

Scheidegg residents also include Lady Claud Hamilton's daughter, Miss Pamela Newall, Captain Montague Kavanagh and his pretty wife—the former Penelope Maxwell Woonnam—and that inveterate Oberlander, Major Robert Bracken, who, incidentally, has the distinction of being the only Englishman to have scaled the Jungfrau in winter-time. Recent departees are Lady Isobel Milles—Lord Sondes' sister—and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley—the latter having left for the South of France on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Stuart-Wortley.

To be in Scheidegg without making the inter-mountain train-cruise over to Murren would be unthinkable. Murren is a surprising place perched on the verge of a perpendicular rock, predominated by an immense hotel—the Palace—which, in pre-war years, was the home from home of the élite of the British winter-sporting fraternity. Except for a fortnight last winter when an avalanche of American soldiers took this Alpine eerie by storm, the Palace has been closed, though, for a time, during the war Italian internees were housed within its hallowed precincts. In vain did I scan the peak-line for signs of those two ardent pre-war regulars—Lady Raeburn and Mrs. Tom Lindsay—"Di" Crewdson of yore—who were disporting themselves somewhere "en haut."

Wiedersehn—See you in Zermatt.

Photographed and Told by Brodrick Haldane



Mrs. Jane Lindsay on the terrace outside the Hotel Bellevue with her guide



Herr Otto Konzett-Brunner has been fitting out British winter-sporters with skis for more years than he can remember at Kleine-Scheidegg



Mrs. Violet Northcott, one of the British visitors, at the window of a Wengen-bound train



Mrs. William Greville-Gunn on the terrace at the Bellevue. Kleine-Scheidegg is 7000 ft. up



Mrs. "Bill" Bracken outside the "ski-Halle" before setting out on a run



Mr. Robert Bracken, Lady Orr-Lewis, wife of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, and Mrs. Alan Butler



Miss Pamela Newall at Berne airport. She is Lady Claud Hamilton's daughter



Mary Nicolle, Jeremy Teley, Douglas Macintosh, Fred Nicolle and Tom Wach



The Marquess and Marchioness Townshend with Their Daughters, Joanna and Carolyn

A FAMILY IN NORFOLK

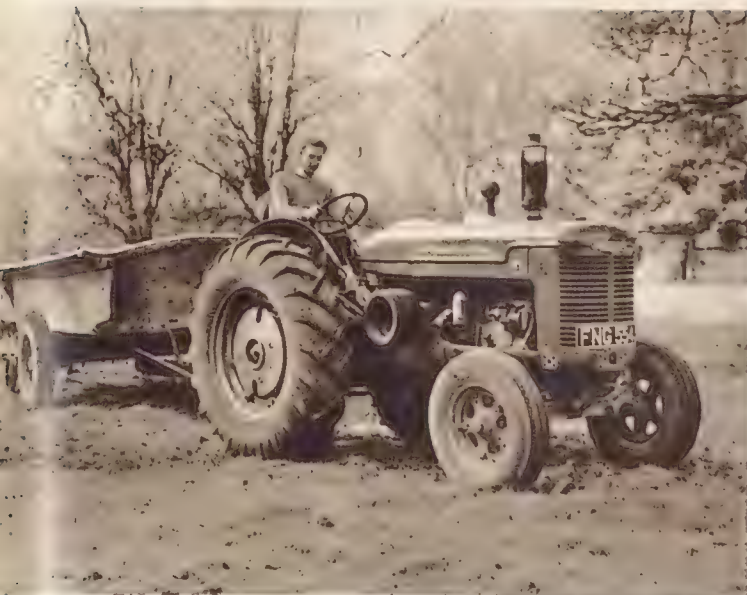


Lady Townshend With Her Son, Viscount Raynham

The Marquess and Marchioness Townshend and Their Children at Raynham Hall

● The Marquess Townshend, who succeeded his father in 1921, is the seventh Marquess and twelfth Baronet. In 1939 he married Elizabeth Pamela Audrey, only daughter of Major Thomas Luby, and they have three children; the young Viscount Raynham, who was born last year, and Lady Carolyn and Lady Joanna Townshend, who were born in 1940 and 1943 respectively. Lord Townshend's Norfolk home, which is a beautiful seventeenth-century house by Inigo Jones, was requisitioned by the military during the war. Recently the family has been able to occupy a small part of the Hall and Lord Townshend is working hard on the farm, at present farming 400 acres, but this will be increased considerably in the near future. The pedigree Ayrshire cows are his special pride; these are milked by the Auto-Recorder system, which automatically milks the cows and records the amount of milk given by each one. During the war Lord Townshend served with the Scots Guards

Photographs by Swaebe



Lord Townshend Working With the Tractor



Inspecting the Ayrshire Cattle



Raynham Hall, Norfolk, the Home of the Townshends



A Bicycle and a Tricycle Race for Joanna and Carolyn



Some Energetic Work With the Lawn-mower

At Home with a Producer and a Film-Star

Ronald Neame is a young man whose name is heard with increasing frequency in British film productions. Recognised to be one of the greatest lighting experts in this country, he has recently turned to the field of production. He was director of lighting in Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* and in *This Happy Breed*, as well as being jointly in charge of production. He, David Lean and Anthony Havelock-Allan are the three young men who formed Cineguild, a production company for the purpose of making unusual British films. They have produced *Blihe Spirit* and *Brief Encounter*, while *Great Expectations* is still being filmed, produced by Ronald Neame, directed by David Lean, with Anthony Havelock-Allan as executive producer. Ronald Neame started his career as a general messenger and call-boy in the days of silents at Elstree. He lives in a delightful country home near the Denham Studios, is married, and has a three-year-old son



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Neame and
Their Son Christopher

Dennis Price stars in the new Gainsborough picture *Caravan* as the wicked Sir Francis Castleton. His performance is one of such suave villainy that it has definitely established him among the screen's best and bloodthirsty villains. His preceding part in *A Place of One's Own* showed that he could be as much a gentlemanly hero as he is an unscrupulous rogue in *Caravan*. His next film is *The Magic Bow*. Dennis Price is married to actress Joan Schofield, who recently appeared in *Great Day*, at the Playhouse Theatre, and they have two little girls, Susan, aged 5½, and Tessa, three years younger. Dennis Price is the brother of Lt.-Col. R. C. Rose Price, Welsh Guards, who recently married the Hon. Maureen Butler, sister of Lord Dunboyne, while Susan Price was one of the child attendants at the wedding. The Prices have a charming house in Chelsea, where these photographs were taken



Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Price with Tessa and Susan

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

ONE of the lesser Highland chieftains, we forget which, has (or had) a majordomo attached to his household whose hereditary office is (or was) to ascend to the tower-roof daily and to shout in Gaelic to the four quarters of the habitable globe the following announcement:

The M'Collop of M'Collop has dined!

The kings and rulers of the earth are now at liberty to take their seats at table.

A condescension much appreciated, we guess, by Charlemagne, St. Louis IX, Barbarossa, Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon I, and other lowlifes. Anyway, that's how we'd carry on ourselves if we were sprung from the loins of the Cid Campeador, Don Roderigo Ruy Diaz de Bivar, glory of Castilian chivalry, some of whose direct descendants through nine centuries are apparently living, British, and readers of the *Sunday Times*. And we'd hire a trumpeter to blow a daily fanfare (by kind permission of the hall-porter) as well.

Reprieve

DON RODERIGO'S heirs are materially more fortunate, it seems, than Eliza de Lusignan, last of the great splendid crusading Lusignans, Kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, apathetic little old governess who died in extreme poverty at Lower Edmonton during the Victorian era, and probably couldn't have afforded a penny stamp to point out to the *Sunday Times* that Major Bagshaw was misinformed. We'd moralise on his sombre theme if we weren't sure it would care the pants off you Utopian pipe-dreamers.

Trauma

I'M sick of the Royal Academy!" cried Princess Elizabeth (1770-1840), stamping her foot at Windsor one day.

What made her Royal Highness feel that way, we find—and what maybe drove her in desperation to marry Frederick Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, a frightful hairy lout with 300 a year who stank of booze and tobacco and was invariably sick in his travelling carriage—was having to listen so constantly to her father, King George III, worrying over trying to make the Academy boys stop fighting. For about fifty years those boys were just a basket

of wildcats, and even drove Reynolds from the presidential chair with their intrigues, according to Flaxman, R.A. To-day, as an artist chap recently observed to us, apropos the current Summer Exhibition, Academicians bicker in a lower key. In our unfortunate view they aren't as bloodyminded as the booksy racket, at that.

We asked a Harley Street psychologist about the R.A. boys. He said it's a Freudian trauma, due to their being forbidden by Nanny in infancy to lick or devour Crimson Lake, the only really scrumptious colour in the paintbox. When they grow up they are likewise forbidden Crimson Lake, unless they are painting a Cardinal, a sunset, an Alderman of London, a pillar-box, a Chelsea pensioner, an Army brass-hat, an hon. D.Litt. (Oxon.), or a still-life containing ripe tomatoes. This deprivation makes them gore-minded and battle-conscious.

Bouquet

ASKING a skittish Sunday paper why it invariably refers to Conservatives as "Tories," but never to Liberals as "Whigs," a political thinker rang the bell and earned a good cigar, we thought.

Both ancient terms of abuse are obsolete, but "Whig" should certainly be revived, if only for the smell of warm rancid oil it exhales. Further, we think "Whig" should be revived with its natural adjective. In hundreds of 17th- and 18th-century books and pamphlets you find allusions to some political character or other as "a finking Whig," or even "a very vile and finking Whig." This refers to the smell already mentioned, peculiar to Whigs (Tories smell of verbena). We know a man whose nose can tell him at once when a Whig has been in a drawing-room. You yourself, if you open almost any recognised English history-book, will probably be sickened by the same disgusting oily odour, for history has been a purely Whig propaganda-industry ever since Lord Macaulay, a hired bravo or gunman of the Whig Party and a stinkard of the best.

The faint, delicious fragrance of Tories is due to a small gland just behind the left ear known as Guffin's Gland, from Sir James Guffin, F.R.S., (1687-1765), the first man of science to pick a bunch of hothouse Tories for his sweetheart's

birthday. Her chilly acknowledgment: "'Tis but a lousy Prefrent for a trusting Girl that had been promised a Diamond Stomacher," was due to Whig intrigue.

Drama

A SHATTERINGLY boring newspaper correspondence on real-life coincidences almost moved us to remind the Correspondence Editor of a really startling one, related by Oscar Wilde in one of his minor works.

Shortly after the publication of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a friend of Wilde's named Hyde, taking a short cut and losing himself in one of London's more evil slum-quarters one evening, tripped over a yelling child and was immediately surrounded by a sinister mob, exactly as in Stevenson's thriller. Pursued by the mob, Hyde took refuge in a nearby surgery with an open door. Issuing thence as soon as the coast was clear, he glanced casually at the brass doorplate. The name was "Dr. Jekyll." "At least," adds Wilde, "it should have been."

We related this extraordinary story recently to a typical reader of the *Daily Snoop*, who listened with profound and owlish attention and then said: "Wilde's final remark seems to me to make the whole thing absurd." We said: "You think Wilde was fooling?" and this Prodnose said sagely: "It certainly looks like it." So maybe the whole story is a heartless fake.

Hattery

"LAY off, cully!" we murmured amiably, perusing a bit of recent high-hattery by one of the music boys, who was implying that nobody can create good music except a small exclusive professional caste (including, naturally, himself and his immediate buddies).

The fact being that the great Russian masters were nearly all rank amateurs (we've just looked 'em up) and had other jobs in life. Moussorgsky and Cesar Cui, for example, began composing as Army officers, one in the Preobrajensky Guards, the other in the Artillery. Rimsky-Korsakoff was a naval officer. Balakireff was a railway official. Borodin, the oddest case of all, was all his life a busy lecturer in chemistry. In these islands you don't often find Guardes or Civil Servants or Cambridge stinkardos—an old Spanish term of respect—producing gorgeous imperishable stuff like *Boris Godounov* or *Prince Igor*, but maybe it's only because they've never tried.

Footnote

WHAT is called advanced modern music is so simple to reproduce—even if you've never listened to a drunk ape falling backwards over a pile of tin sanitary ware—that we're surprised to detect so few amateurs in the racket. Or maybe we ought to see our oculist?



"But, Miss Bunting, I am only pulling your leg!"



"I understand the family used it as an air-raid shelter during the war, since when His Grace has refused to come out"



"Careful, Spike—you just passed a red light!"

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

How Now?

THE defeat of a hot favourite is nothing new. When it happens, the only thing that remains to be done is to find out why it happened, and then decide whether the answer is satisfactory. *Prima facie*, the evidence is that in this year's Two Thousand there was nothing good enough to extend the winner, whose time was 1 min. 38½ secs., the record for the course being 1 min. 35½ secs. The first question, after congratulating Sir William Cooke on his maiden win in a classic, is, therefore, whether, if he had been made to go for his life, Happy Knight might not have knocked off the few seconds necessary to lower the Rowley Mile record. Everyone who was there saw how he won, and also saw that he had all the cracks in trouble even before going into The Dip, which is roughly a quarter of a mile from home. It therefore falls out that Happy Knight had the race in his pocket after they had gone a bit more than half-way. No horse can do better than beat the best. Everything must hinge upon how good is this year's best. If these colts Gulf Stream, Khaled, etc., are any good at all, as their two-year-old and three-year-old efforts suggest that they are, then Sir William Cooke has something a bit above the average, and anything "They" say about Happy Knight's breeding goes for nothing. If, on the other hand, Gulf Stream and Co. are only moderates, Sir William owns the best of a bad lot. Personally, I prefer the first hypothesis. This year's three-year-olds surely cannot be the platers that some people have not scrupled to say that they are, but, on the other hand, none of the Hyperions displayed "the front of Jove himself," or gave the world "the assurance of a man." Can the form be quite as upside down as all that? Khaled was beaten 4 lengths; he could not come the shortest way home, but it would have made no difference even if he had. His jockey very properly did not knock him about when he discovered that the case was hopeless, and that Radiotherapy was not likely to deprive him of second honours. Harry Wragg did the same thing on Gulf Stream. Happy Knight was going well within himself a very long way from home; the moment his jockey gave him the office, he went through the lot of them as if they had been standing still. There was no fluke or luck about it; he just cut them down and hung them up to dry. And before passing on, the heartiest congratulations to Tommy Weston upon such a brilliant return from the wars, and also to my little friend of years, Jelliss, who sent the winner out fit as hands could make him.

Make and Shape

NO sooner does anyone or anything do something out of the ordinary than there arises from the reedy depths the croak of the doubter. Why, "They" have even ventured to suggest to us that the atom bomb is not all that it is cracked up to be! Let us hope that for once they are right! The main "crab" in the case of Happy Knight is that he is too big for Epsom. He stands 16.3; but does size matter if the balance is right? Would anyone fault the Guineas winner on his make and shape? He is especially good in front. "They" say that the big ones are bound to sprawl coming down the hill to Tattenham Corner. I suggest that that depends almost entirely upon how their shoulders are set back. Captain Cuttle, the 1922 winner, was no pony, and, speaking from memory, I should say that he did not go under the stick at much less than Happy Knight. Captain Cuttle won cantering. The next "crab" concerns the winner's breeding. Colombo, his sire, who also won the Two Thousand, was by Manna, who ran away with the 1925 Derby; Happy Morn, his mamma, produced Happy Landing, who many of us thought was unlucky not to have caught Ocean Swell and Tehran in

the 1944 Derby at Newmarket. Happy Landing's final burst of speed will not be easily forgotten. There was a similar prejudice against anything from The Tetrarch and Sunstar (Sundridge, Amphion). So how can we venture to dogmatise? As to some of the others, Khaled is the accepted model for Epsom on his make and shape, and Gulf Stream for Doncaster.

His Majesty's Winners

THE King's loyal subjects naturally rejoiced at seeing the purple and scarlet so prominently in the van at the Guineas meeting. The only regret is that His Majesty's home-bred One Thousand winner is not in the Derby. Hypericum is in the Leger, and so is Happy Knight. There would therefore seem to be the mother and father of a fight in prospect, with, purely on breeding, a shade of odds on the lady. It is very difficult to visualise anything beating Hypericum in the Oaks (June 7th). Speculation upon by how much she might have won the One Thousand but for that self-indulged preliminary, without her jockey, does not really matter; what does, is that she fairly and squarely knocked out Neolight, a filly we know to be very good, and another one who may be, Lord Rosebery's Iona, a lady most attractive to the eye. Apart from this notable One Thousand win, the omens seem to tell us that His Majesty must hold a very strong hand in the Gold Cup with Rising Light and Kingstone. The former we know well; Kingstone we now know better. He won out of his distance with the bumping weight of 9 st. 10 lb. The distance of the March Stakes is only 1½ miles. The runner-up, Starway, had only 7 st. 3 lb. on his back. Knowing how fond my friend Cecil Boyd-Rochford is of his horses, I equally well know what joy Guineas Week has brought him. My sincerest felicitations!

The Aintree Fences

THE following letter arrives from Mrs. Florence Beard, East Lodge, Pixie Wood, Dorking, and, of course, must be published, even though the outcry, which my correspondent raises, is no novelty.

I always enjoy reading your articles in *The Tatler*, but for heaven's sake do try to do something to eliminate the cruelty to horses at the Grand National. Surely this race might be run on humane lines; 250,000 people might still gamble on it without the sadistic thrill of seeing the poor horses injured and killed. Most animal-lovers agree that all the fences should be lowered, but nobody with any influence has considered the matter, and it is a scandal. Foreigners have nothing on us with regard to cruelty to animals, and if the thrill of the day depends upon the number of horses brought down, it is a disgrace.

First of all, I do not agree that the fences are inhumane. A big fence is very often far safer than a small one because, inevitably, it places a horse on notice to mind himself. The steeplechasing public is not sadistic, and would far rather see 99 per cent. of the field stand up than 75 per cent. fall. Fatal accidents at Aintree to horse or man are very rare. The cause of the grief is now, as it has been in the past, that some people think that they can ride over formidable fences with the same length of leather as that fashionable on the flat. These fences can hit back. Some of the equestrian attitudes this year were absolutely devotional. The saddle was never meant to be a faultstool. Many of the pilots had nothing with which to come to the rescue of an unbalanced horse. Again, this year, as in so many others, the field included a good many horses who had a very small chance of jumping 5 ft., plus any little trimmings, at high speed. The Grand National is totally different from the circus performance of the show ring. It is meant for the genuine practitioner.



Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall and Lady Sykes, wife of Sir Richard Sykes, who owns the Sledmere stud



Lord Porchester, son and heir of the Earl of Carnarvon, Miss Catherine de Trafford and the Hon. Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon



Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, Lord Stanley, the Earl of Derby's son and heir, and Mrs. Parker Bowles, who is a daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford



Racegoers at Newmarket Swaebe

Mrs. John Christian, Col. Christian and Major-Gen. T. G. Dalby

Racing Personalities as "The Tout" Saw Them

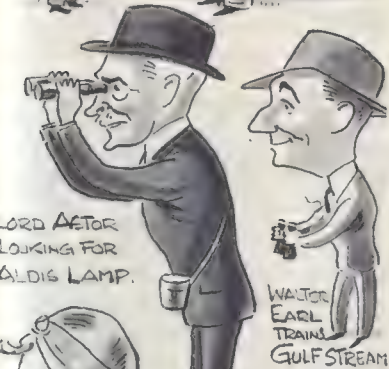
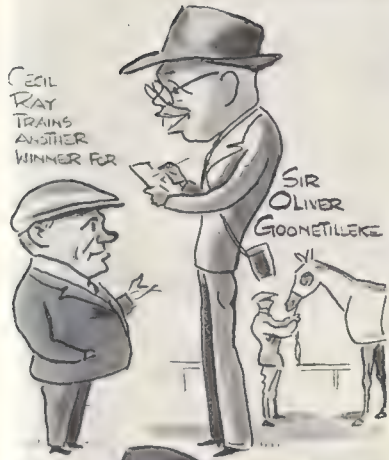


Lady Prichard-Jones, wife of
Sir John Prichard-Jones

Mrs. M. S. Spiller, wife
of Captain Spiller

Mrs. L. Helme in the
enclosure on Ladies' Day

Fennell, Dublin
Miss O'Rourke, Master
of the North Galway



Punchestown Races Ireland's Greatest Jumping Meeting



Mrs. Luke Lillingston and her
son, the Earl of Harrington, who
won the Maiden 'Chase with
Revelry

Major Derrick Cooper, the
Life Guards, with Mrs. Bowes
Daly, sister of the Duchess
of Buccleuch

The Hon. Julian Mond, son and
heir of Lord Melchett, Miss Sonia
Graham, Miss Bunty Graham, Mr.
James Carney and Lady Nelson

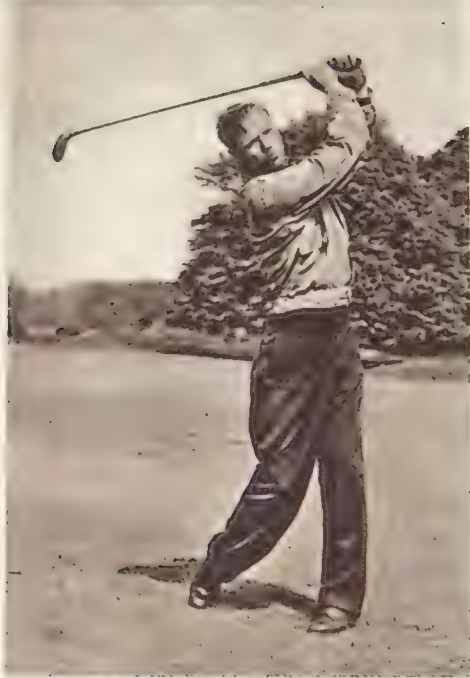


Baron de Robeck's House-Party for Punchestown Races

Capt. S. Peel, Miss Heather Peel, Brig. Bernard de Robeck, Major Perceval Maxwell, Baroness de Robeck, Col. Guy Rogers, Mrs. Perceval Maxwell, Col. Baron de Robeck, the Hon. Mrs. Bernard de Robeck and Mrs. Evelyn. The children are Bryan and Hugh de Robeck, sons of Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. de Robeck, and Martin and Richard de Robeck, sons of Col. Baron and Baroness de Robeck

Pool, Dublin

English Golf Union Sixteenth Amateur Championship



K. G. Thom driving down the fairway



Ian Patey, the winner of the English Amateur Golf Championship, at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, holding the cup and accompanied by his wife after his victory.



"Mel's" impression of I. R. Patey

First Post-War Spring Meeting at St. Andrews



The coastguard touches-off the cannon at the start



Mr. W. B. Torrance and Mr. G. W. Mackie walking from the first tee



Capt. K. N. Fisher (right) waiting to drive off before the match



Veteran Bob Harris waits to drive



Major Roger Wethered, the captain-elect, and the Earl of Dundonald, the present captain, waiting to drive off



Mr. J. C. R. Ingles and Mr. Hugh M. Price

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Great French Romances"

Romances

To review *Great French Romances*, edited and with an Introduction by Richard Aldington (Pilot Press; 15s.), is, in effect, to review a library. Of the four masterpieces reprinted, in translation, here, each left its mark on a generation; the reading of each should, I estimate, ideally occupy a month; and a year's pause on the reader's part for digestion should, again ideally, intervene between the close of one story and the start of the next.

Here are the titles, authors' names and first publication dates of the four romances:

"La Princesse de Clèves." Madame de Lafayette. 1678.

"Manon Lescaut." The Abbé Prévost. 1731.

"Les Liaisons Dangereuses." Choderlos de Laclos. 1782.

"La Duchesse de Langeais." Honoré de Balzac. 1834.

As you may see by the dates (and as, should you fail to have seen, Mr. Aldington points out in his Introduction), these novels appeared at intervals of approximately fifty years: the first was written during the reign, and, in fact, at the Court, of *le Roi Soleil*; the last just after the Revolution of 1830—the Revolution that terminated the brief, ultra-reactionary period of the French Restoration. These four have been selected by Mr. Aldington for their intrinsic value as literature: the equalness of their spacing-out in time is, he tells us, a matter of chance purely. None the less, the fifty-year intervals are worth noting.

There is no absolute rule about it, of course, but that is just about the length of time needed for a fashion, an epoch, even a novel to be about at its nadir—old-fashioned without being quaint, vaguely remembered without being familiar, grandmotherly without being venerable. . . . I have no wish to stress the point, but I think it not unreasonable to say that each of these novels illustrates a change in the sexual fashions of France, which, without having any sort of monopoly, has certainly in the past gone in, rather enthusiastically for that sort of thing.

Vanity, Passion

No analogy to any one of these novels exists. No one may say for certain, in English writing. Richardson's *Clarissa* is probably the nearest. *Clarissa*, published in 1751, comes, roughly, half-way in time between "Manon Lescaut" and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses"—and traces

of Richardson's masterpiece (which swept France and was possibly liked better there than it was in England) appear, the reader may find, in Laclos's book. Reciprocally, these French novels not only reached us, one after the other, but were enjoyed in polished circles in England. The polite world, when truly polite, was small; the aristocracy of Europe was international—so much so that, even when a state of war existed between two countries, the grandees of one could continue to visit the capital and be entertained at the large country houses of the other. If England looked to Italy for art and the delights of antiquity, the winds of fashion, all kinds of fashion, have since the sixteenth century blown to our shores from France.

Our ancestors found these books absorbing, striking, moving and, sometimes, shocking. These are love stories. They deal with love in the grand manner, with authority, and to the exclusion of almost everything else. What remains foreign to us in French writing is not so much its frankness in the treatment of love (which our own younger novelists have, by now, easily and somewhat clumsily exceeded), but the frankness of its interest in the matter. It is theory, analysis, dissection, applied to what we here regard as a tenderly elusive emotion, that makes us gasp. No Englishman could have written, and not many Englishmen can read, Stendhal's *De l'Amour*. (Lurking in most Englishmen's breasts is the feeling that that sort of thing should not take up too much of one's time.) Stendhal's interesting distinction between "*amour passion*" and "*amour vanité*" is illustrated by these contrasting stories. The third is pure vanity, the fourth almost pure passion. The first two are sentiment—but on a high plane.

I take it that these four romances are already known to the reader by reputation—"Manon Lescaut" and "Dangerous Acquaintances" (to give the title of the translation) being the most famous. Equally, I take it as probable that all four, perhaps even a single one, may not, so far, actually have been read. With this Pilot Press compendium comes a good opportunity. The translations—are they Mr. Aldington's?—are impeccable.

High Life

"MANON LESCAUT" is the only one of the four in which the action does not take place in exalted circles—the hero, the Chevalier (Concluded on page 220)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

how little he may toddle without incurring the obloquy of "using the house as an hotel." The result being that they both get in each other's way.

Then there is the hostess's secret fear that she is not offering her guest sufficient entertainment, and the guest's experience that people are usually best entertained—when they aren't! Lunch is always a difficult meal and its after-effects disastrous to conviviality. From teatime onwards, however, everything is amiability itself. A kind of second-wind blows up, and the effect is as if the earlier strain had never been. All returns to radiance. The hostess no longer thinks occasionally that the best moments of a visitor's sojourn are "Welcome" and "Good-bye." The guest mentally postpones his time of departure three days hence from immediately after breakfast until any time after lunch. Nevertheless, the hostess has mental flashes which suggest that it will be rather nice to have her house to herself once more, and the same mental flashes suggest to the guest that there is a great deal to be said for one's own bed.

Nowadays, of course, the routine is somewhat different. The hostess and her guest have perforce



Looking at peep-shows were Mr. Ralph Strauss, the novelist and critic, Lady Mander, Miss Shirley Darbyshire, the novelist, and her husband, Mr. Laurence Meynell, the novelist



Two distinguished publishers looking at some of the priceless First Editions were Sir John Murray and Mr. Geoffrey Faber, who were studying the earliest known edition of "Goody Two-Shoes"



Exhibition of Children's Books of Yesterday

The National Book League marked the opening of their new headquarters in Albemarle Street with this remarkable exhibition. Above are Mr. T. O. Beachcroft, Mr. A. L. Rowse, the writer, and Lady Mander

TAKING it by long and by large, by thick and by thin, by high and by low—I do not, as a rule, like staying in other people's houses! The first evening, of course, passes easily enough. In fact, it may be taken for granted that the conversation is over-inclined to gush; so many ashes of the past to be raked and raked over again; so much secret competition to tell one's own tale; so many flowers to be gathered in the immediate future. In fact, so much to say that both hostess and guest bid each other a rapturous good-night under the impression that the next morning cannot come quickly enough. But it comes in its proper time, and somehow or other there doesn't seem to be much rapture about it. Well, anyway, a person who is rapturous at breakfast should not go on a visit to anybody! Rapture ill-accords with a desire to read your correspondence and discover from the newspaper what fresh disaster greets the new-born day.

Then comes the real problem of the morning for both guest and host. The hostess, full of domestic problems and anxious to get the machinery of the house going smoothly, inwardly hopes that her guest will not do too much toddling after her. The guest, not wanting to toddle after at all, wonders

to spend so much time in the kitchen that it is difficult for both of them to realise that they are not actually working together in a canteen. This certainly fills up awkward spaces of time and might even lead to greater confidence if only the guest would not insist upon putting everything away in its wrong place, and, as a consequence, the hostess believing that she could have got through the job in half the time if only she had been left to do it alone. In any case, however, the technique of being a good guest is a cultivated art. In the old days it merely required a mild protest at being given the best peach on the plate; in these days the same implied privilege is accorded to him by being allowed to dry. The hostess uses the washing-mop; the guest uses the glass-cloth. Any dispute of this etiquette is apt to lead to several minutes of hoydenish friction. Gone are the days when, so to speak, host and guest turned out the mostly rubbish of their lives together on a Louis Seize settee. To-day the milieu for such confidences is the kitchen sink.

Nevertheless, this ideal still remains—that in every guest-room should be written up, "Breakfast in your bedroom, please; lunch at one; dinner at eight—but I want to see as little of you as possible before teatime!"



Hood—Kenworthy

Sir Harold Joseph Hood, eldest son of the late Sir Joseph Hood, M.P., married the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy, only daughter of Lord Strabolgi and Doris Lady Strabolgi, at Brompton Oratory. The bride was given away by the Hon. David Kenworthy, her eldest brother, bridesmaids were Miss Colleen Worthington and Miss Daphne Shaw, Viscountess Parker was matron of honour, and Mr. Robin Hood was best man to his brother

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Porter—Wharry

Captain James Graham Porter, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. D. Porter, of Plas Newydd, Conway, Wales, married Miss Ann Wharry, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. C. Wharry, K.R.R.C., and of Mrs. A. Mayzner, of Chelsea



Hayter—Dunkerley

Major Peter Randall Hayter, M.B.E., M.C., Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, son of the late Mr. K. S. R. Hayter and of Mrs. J. E. Ray, of Upper Basildon, Berks, married Miss Daphne Christine Dunkerley, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. R. M. Dunkerley and of Mrs. E. D. Dunkerley, of Albany Mansions, S.W.11



Morris—Hall

F/O. C. M. Morris, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris, of Morlowe, Tullamore, Eire, married Miss Janette Clavering Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hall, of Beechlawn, The Park, Peterborough, at Peterborough



Gilbertson—Adams

Major James G. Gilbertson, M.C., R.A., fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Gilbertson, of Gellygron House, Pontardawe, Glamorgan, married Miss Diana Margaret Adams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Adams, of Sheen Court, Richmond, Surrey



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A short dinner gown that looks equally well for afternoon wear. In heavy Crepe with a lovely softly draped sleeve and gores skirt. Soft Pastels, or Black. Hips: 38. and 40 ins.

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AGENTS IN WEST END AND PROVINCES

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LONDON W.1

London



Hats are creeping further and further back. Already the general rule is to show the forehead and at least an inch of the hairline. Erik of Brook Street designed these two straw bonnets, the first with a bunch of cherries hung provocatively over the nose, the other with a cockade of curled ostrich feathers mounted in straw

Paris



In Paris the lovely flowers, most perfectly made in every detail, are a particular delight. On the left, Le Monnier's breton bonnet is of dove-grey straw, the flowers of the coronet shading from palest grey to darker tones and surrounding a bunch of softest pink moss roses. Agnès's straw is brimmed with flowers, each one of straw tinted like almond blossom

New York



In New York the hats still shade the brow but reveal the eyes. Joan Crawford shows how they are worn: on the left, a small hat of smoke-coloured ostrich tips trimmed with a velvet bow of brilliant tangerine; on the right, a broad brim with square crown trimmed with layers of wide horsehair



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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 215)

des Grieux, comes of "one of the first families in Picardy"; but he is dragged through the stews (gambling hells, gutters, prisons, a prison ship and a convict settlement) in the course of his tenacious, unhappy passion for Manon. Through a Defoe-esque underworld wander this tender pair. In an Amiens inn yard, des Grieux, still a boy student, first sets eyes on Manon—lovely, childish, responsive, on the last stage of her unwilling way to a convent. They elope: his honour, his high aspiration are to be, from that day forward, forgotten. In Paris they live by ruses, and worse—she, luxury-loving, pliable, but (she protests) in her heart forever faithful to him, betrays des Grieux with a series of rich lovers. More than once, the young man has the opportunity to re-make his life, to reinstate himself with his family; but this would be at the cost of a break with Manon. He speaks of himself to a friend as being the victim of a fatal passion which he cannot subdue. The strength of the book resides in des Grieux's passion being so comprehensible: Manon's distracting sweetness permeates every page. When she is shipped to America with twelve other *filles de joie*, des Grieux follows. Her death in the wilderness and his digging of her grave with his broken sword is, I think, the one scene in these four romances that brought tears to my eyes.

In "The Princess of Cleves" we have the atmosphere of Louis XIV's Court reflected upon the nominal setting of the story: the Valois Court of Henry II of France. Madame de Lafayette's hand was heavy with chivalric embroidery; and this romance, compared to its three companions, is somewhat slow going—to me, it is the only one in the book which has the slight unlivingness of a museum-piece. However, "The Princess of Cleves" contains what was, for its time, a revolutionary idea—that of a woman who, having made a *mariage de convenance*, and who is now struggling against her passion for someone else, treating her husband as a confidant and a friend. The Princess, idealistically brought up by her mother, needs help, understanding, sympathy to aid her in her resistance to the Duc de Nemours: her mother has just died—to whom but her husband, who has always loved her and studied her, should she turn? To us, her trust in the Prince seems civilized, human, natural—to Madame de Lafayette's readers, schooled in the rigid conventions of Court love affairs, it came as a distinct shock. (Though to this shock, no doubt, was owed the vogue of the book.) Unfortunately, the Prince of Cleves, a man of his time, is prostrated by his wife's confidence, which he takes as a proof not of sterling, resolute innocence but of guilt. He dies of jealousy, with a broken heart. The Princess, dismissing the Duke who has now respectably sought her hand in marriage, devotes the rest of her life to self-reproach. Would she have done better to have kept silent? This is a "Should a woman speak?" novel.

Fiends

FROM the altitudes of "The Princess of Cleves," from the bedraggled lyricism of "Manon Lescaut," one passes on into the infernal regions of "Dangerous Acquaintances." This is a shocking book, if you like—an icebound world of calculation, vanity and cruelty. It is thought not impossible, Mr. Aldington tells us, that Choderlos de Laclos, who was a dark horse, wrote this novel as indirect though none the less venomous propaganda against the French upper classes: its publication (in 1782) certainly did not by long precede the outbreak of the first French Revolution.

"Dangerous Acquaintances" is, like our *Clarissa*, written in letter form, and its demon-hero has some characteristics in common with Richardson's *Lovelace*—but *Lovelace*, to be brief, was not by one half so wicked. The Vicomte de Valmont and the Marquise de Merteuil, the two principal correspondents, are master-minds of the amorous world: they are born accomplices and have been lovers. Untiringly, they report to one another the progress of their succeeding affairs; and it becomes clear, as the correspondence goes on, that the Marquise would not mind having the Vicomte back, though this must be entirely on her own terms. Writing to the Marquise in Paris from his aunt's chateau in the country, the Vicomte relays the progress of his pursuit of a blameless young married woman, who is his fellow guest: the Marquise supplies comment and, from time to time, directs operations. Into the sphere of this amiable couple come the schoolgirl Cecile de Volanges and her equally youthful admirer, Danceny: the "education" of the youngsters is taken on, in any spare moments, by the confederates. The plot of "Dangerous Acquaintances" is too complicated to summarize; also, its details, assembled in cold blood, might seem unsuitable for this magazine. This, none the less, is the outstanding one of the four *Great French Romances*.

The Faubourg

THE DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS," fourth and last in the book, differs from its predecessors in being a love-story involving considerable social analysis. Melodrama—for the story contains a scene in which a baffled lover (a strong, silent, ex-Napoleonic general) prepares to brand his beloved, the capricious young Duchesse de Langeais, on the forehead—mingles with Balzac's exceedingly shrewd review of the contemporary Faubourg St. Germain scene. The Duchesse, potentially a fine creature, is shown as having been warped by a false and outdated code. The paragraphs on page 547, which could apply today, should be read closely. Here is one of them:—

. . . The isolation of the great, the sharply marked distinction in their manner of life, or in a word, the general custom of the patrician caste, is at once the sign of real power, and their destruction as soon as that power is lost. The Faubourg Saint-Germain failed to recognize the conditions of its being, while it was easy to perpetuate its existence, and therefore was brought low for a time. The Faubourg should have looked the facts fairly in the face, as the English aristocracy did before them; they should have seen that every institution has its climacteric periods, when words lose their old meanings, and ideas reappear in a new guise, and the whole conditions of politics wear a changed aspect, while the underlying realities undergo no essential alteration.

Mr. Aldington is to be congratulated on his selection of these *Great French Romances*: each one serves to bring out, by contrast, the underlying qualities of the other three. His introduction gives useful notes on the authors, and on the different epochs at which these books were written.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

No Compromise

I WAS cheered to see two such great authorities on turbojets as Major Frank B. Halford (of de Havilland) and Dr. S. G. Hooker (of Rolls-Royce) being uncompromising about the future of this kind of prime mover. They have both said—and I think I am interpreting them rightly—that we should beware of turning to the combination of airscrew and gas turbine for fast air liners. Britain was profoundly shocked when the turbojet appeared, because it looked as if the airscrew had been killed at a single blow. And there is nothing we like less than a sudden change. In my opinion it is true that, for most kinds of future aeroplanes, including all air liners, the airscrew is dead.

When the airscrew enthusiasts made their case for the airscrew driven by a gas turbine, I felt uneasily suspicious. Was it a real, logical case; or was it a natural reaction to the threat of reduced utilization? When I learned that the Brabazon I—our 110-ton air liner—was to have piston engines as to the first model, and gas turbines driving airscrews as to models two, three and four, I felt even more suspicious.

The Dividing Line

BUT it takes courage on the part of an engineer to make an uncompromising claim. And it was of great value that it was done for the turbojet. The fact is, that air liners of the future must be as fast as they can be made, if they are to be of any use; and if they are as fast as they can be made, they must not only have gas turbines as their power units, but they must go the whole way and have jet drive. In short, they must have turbojets—which seems to me a convenient term for the combination of gas turbine and jet drive.

No more airscrews will be wanted for the big air liners of the future; or for the big military transports; or for the fighters or atomic bombers. But I think airscrews will still find a field among the small machines. I am not certain about it even here. If these miniature jet units the Americans are playing about with succeed, there may be no need for airscrews even in the personal aircraft class. But the position, so far as it can be seen with certainty today, is that airscrews will still be wanted for the small, personal aircraft, and the reason is that a large number of these aircraft will, for many years to come, be relatively slow. For the rest, let us take our lead from Halford and Hooker, and go all the way with jets.

Whoops

ONCE again the old whooping cough story has been resurrected. I forget how many times I have seen the claim made that high flying cures whooping cough. I have never known whether to believe it or not. Now, in Sweden, according to the message that reached me, a firmer test has been made. One hundred children suffering from this complaint were taken up, and flown about fairly high. The results, as they say, were "statistically significant." They meant that the story is true, and that high flying *does* in many cases cure whooping cough.

Grand Palais

IT is good to hear that the Paris Aero Show—always by far the best aero show in the world—is to be revived. The last one was in 1938, and the circumstances were uneasy. The next one will be in November of this year, and the place will be the Grand Palais des Champs-Élysées. I have not been to France since the war. My last visit was during the early part of the war when the Royal Air Force were installed—almost as in 1914-18—on French aerodromes and were living in French villages.

France then was the same as it had always been. I shall visit the next aero show with some anxiety. Has France changed? It would, indeed, be tragic if the report I heard the other day from a friend who had made an extensive journey through France were true. He said that there were signs everywhere of Anglo-American influence—signs not only in the big official affairs, but in the smaller things of everyday life. I shall hope to find that it is not true.

Eire Ire

WE have not heard the last of the Eire air agreement. Some of the inferences from the White Paper (Cmd. 6793) were brought up in Parliament the other day. It does appear that we have, more or less, agreed to give Prestwick the cold shoulder and to use the Shannon airport. Paragraph 11 of the Annex to the White Paper lays down that both westbound and eastbound traffic shall "stop at the Shannon airport." And for eastbound traffic the Shannon airport shall be "the first European port of call." My impression of the Agreement is that it is a blunder. But I do not want to pass final judgment upon it until Mr. Ivor Thomas has had an opportunity to deal with objections rather more fully than he did in Parliament at the beginning of the month.

Circle

THE arguments against the encouragement of personal flying in this country are circular. There are too few airfields suited to the private flyer, therefore it is no use encouraging private flying. And as there is almost no private flying, therefore it is no use starting to build airfields for private flyers. It is like cessations of work which are described as "strikes" in the *Daily Express* and as "lock-outs" in the *Daily Worker*. Whatever they are called, they remain periods of no-work. And whether we put the blame on the lack of airfields or lack of aircraft, there will still be no private flying.



Cary Grant the British-born film star, talking to Mr. F. Parker (centre), Production Manager, and Mr. A. Simon, Assistant Chief Designer, during his recent visit to the Bristol Aeroplane Company's works at Filton, Bristol. In the background is the first Wayfarer passenger aircraft built by the company

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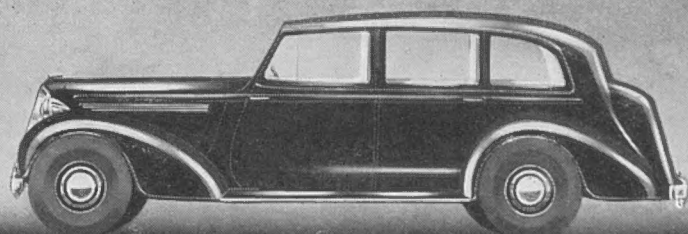
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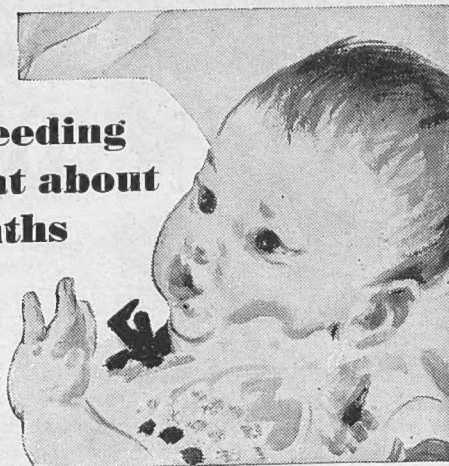
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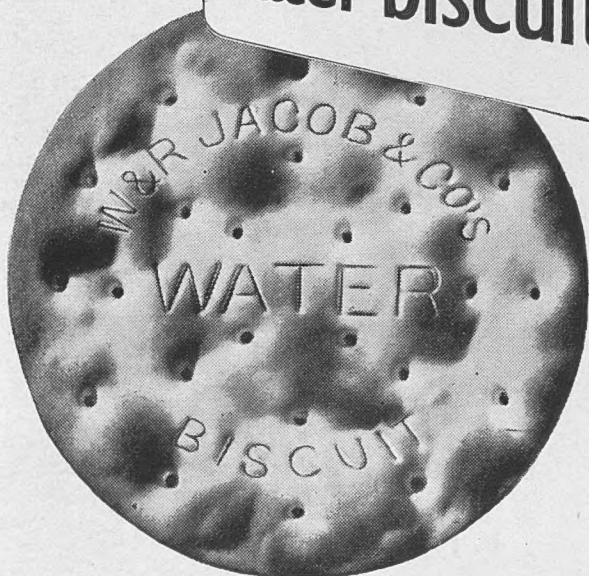
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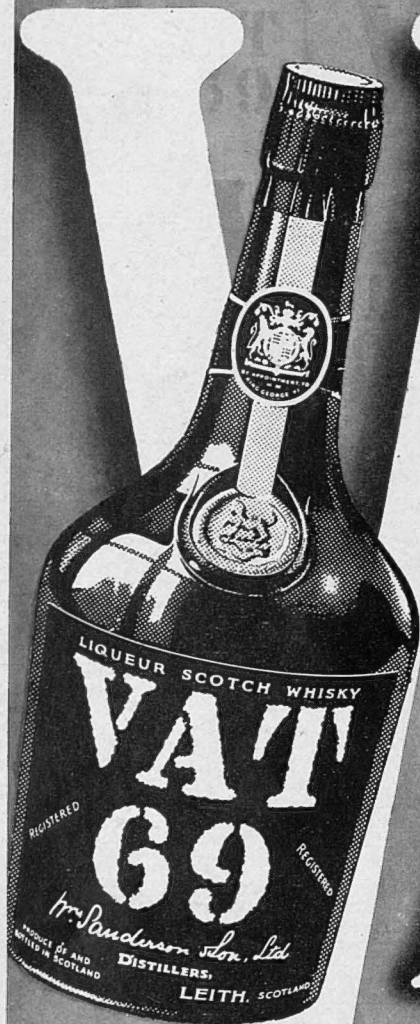
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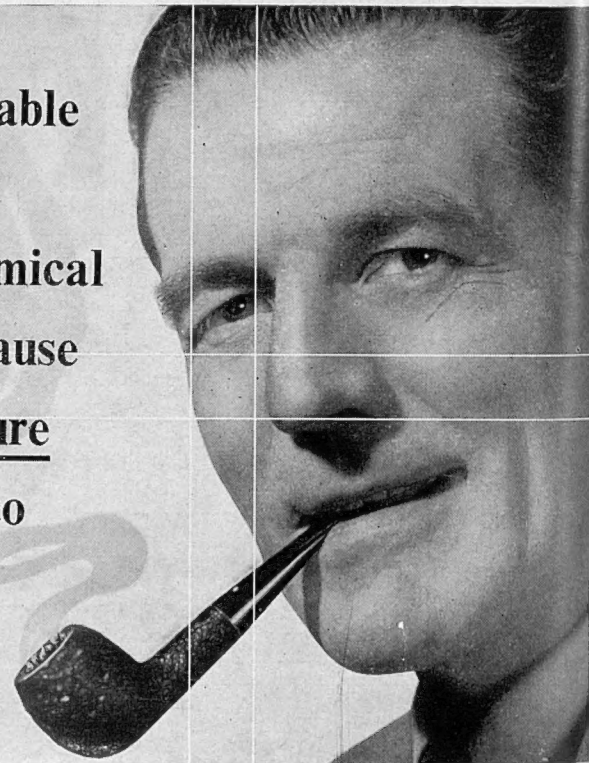
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